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AND THE UNION."

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BY W. C. BONNEY.

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POETICAL.

For the Republican.

DEDICATED TO MISS E. C. G. C.

We've met but once. "In after time
When all the friends of youth are gone,
Turn sometimes to this little rhyme
And haply thou may'st think of one
Who never, never can forget
The blissful hour when first we met,
The hour when first thy glances stole
Like sunlight o'er my youthful soul."

We met amid a joyous throng
Where every soul was full of song,
Where every eye was beaming bright
And every lip was sweetly smiling,
While o'er it played a trembling light
So beautiful and so beguiling;
But oh! thy smile was heaven to me,
Thy voice a harmony divine,
Still, still, I saw but only thee
And sought no other glance but thine;
I'll say no more—'twas there we met,
And ne'er shall I that hour forget.

The Flying Dutchman.

Pineville, like all other ports that are accessible to the approaches of Reform, has greatly changed the *tout ensemble* of its morals, within a few years past. Formerly, out of the population of one hundred male adults who took shelter, as actual residents, under its unobtrusive branches, at least two—and sometimes twenty—lights occurred *per diem*; and, after the belligerent portion was deducted out, two-thirds of the *peaceables* were drunk; while the other third consisted of fun-makers, rum-sellers and preachers. Pineville, it is true, has four large and spacious churches, viz: a Presbyterian, that devotes the forenoon of one day out of the seven to the service of God; a Methodist, that is regarded as the general rendezvous for young ladies and gentlemen to meet and compare notes on each Sabbath; an Episcopal, which, like her protector, England, has become obsolete in this land, and her members too rich to contribute to the support of a clergyman; and a Baptist, the floor and altar of which have long since become the resting place of hogs and stray calves—whose roof, being so often blasted by heaven's lightning, that all animate creatures, whether willing or not, who take refuge beneath it, are, by each shower of rain, completely immersed. But all of these churches failed to restrain the people of Pineville from pursuing the ways of the wicked. Court days and regimental musters were, by common consent, the periodic times for a general titmouse and frolic; and we be to the unfortunate fellow who should incur the peculiar notice of the freemen of Pineville. However great he may be in his own opinion, previous to enlisting the care and protection of said freemen, he was certain to feel very small afterwards; and if his flight from, were not more expeditious than his advent to Pineville, it would be truly a matter of wonder.

During the spring term of the court in 1847, one evening, a party of men, standing in front of one of the groceries, (for Pineville had groceries as well as churches,) were suddenly startled by the appearance of a large, pale-faced, raw-boned, light-haired, stranger, who rushed directly for the door of the grocery, ejaculating, in stentorian voice, "poys, clear de way mid speed! By tamm, here's vot ish de flying dutchman! Clear de way, you t—n rascals, or I'll—Blunder and vixam! six come-rounce! H—l ish adout!"

And head-long he charged through the crowd to the counter.

"Misther," said he to the bar-keeper, "viskey! viskey! By t—n, fmosht choke. Vere ish de town pully (bully), de man vat vips every body? By t—n, I can vip mid hell out him! Vere ish he?"

This and much else was heard by those out-doors, and one acquainted with sly looks and significant winks, would at once have perceived that something more than liquor was brewing. The bar-keeper, too, took the hint, and, with mixed liquors and a little persuasion, soon got Hans perfectly furious and determined upon raising a row. Having quaffed the sparkling draught, Hans, full of "high-sounding fury," sallied out upon the pavement, in search of a victim. He was soon gratified: one of the "out-aiders" boldly confronted him, and Hans, throwing himself into the most approved pugilistic attitude, dealt a powerful blow, which just missed the face of his enemy. But down fell Jess (by that name we must now know Hans's opponent) upon the pavement, apparently as lifeless as if a bullet had passed through his heart. "Poor Jess! the scoundrel has killed him!" shouted a dozen voices, and the by-standers, with loud murmurs, began to close around Hans, who now began to feel his perilous condition.

Jess was conveyed to a private room, changed clothes and hat, and came out

again where poor Hans still remained, pleading his own cause in the best possible manner. He protested that he did not strike "de goot man;" but the by-standers insisted that he had wilfully and with malice aforethought murdered an innocent man. They reminded him that he had entered town swearing vengeance against somebody, and that they were certain that he was after Jess. "No, me goot shentleman! I pe ver drunk. Me no kill; me ver peaceable man; I ver sor"—But his defence was cut off unceremoniously. He was conveyed in a back room, when a court for his trial was opened. The bar-keeper was made judge, Jess figured as prosecuting attorney, and the rest of the audience seated themselves in a circle as jurors. The charge of the judge was clear and to the point, and the prosecuting attorney made the prisoner's guilt perfectly plain. Poor Hans, when called upon to speak in his own defence, merely asked for a drink of brandy, which was politely handed him by the judge, who charged a dime for his trouble. The jury retired, and, after a short absence, returned with the horrible verdict that *Hans must be buried alive!* Poor Hans grew pale and reeled, as he was led out of the room to await preparations for the execution of the terrible sentence. Prayers were offered up by one of the audience for the benefit of poor Hans' soul; and another had just begun a sermon, as a negro entered with a large dry-goods box, which was to be used for Hans' coffin. The prisoner was informed that all things were ready, and asked if he had anything to say. "Mine goot! goot shentlemen, vat for you kill me? I no want I make much trouble. Please, let me no die!"

Poor Hans seemed perfectly mellowed down; from the greatest bully he had suddenly become the veriest suppliant for mercy. But he was told he must die. The sentence had been pronounced, and the majesty of the law must be upheld. Two or three now advanced towards the victim, for the purpose of placing him in his coffin; but Hans seemed determined to make use of what strength he had. His huge arms and massive legs flew at random with terrible force; but the executioner summoned in assistance, and some seized poor Hans by the hands, some by the head, and others by the feet and legs. "A trembling captive," he was carried to the fatal box, pleading most piteously for mercy. But the relentless executioner ordered him to be "let down into the box." As Hans' legs and arms became loose from the *posse*, he made a desperate effort to rise; but was prevented by the lid being put on, and firmly held till it was nailed. Poor Hans now became quiet, and seemed resigned to his fate. He made no further effort to burst the box. After all had been made secure, the executioner whispered through a crack of the box that had been left for the ventilation of air, that Hans would be left alone for one hour to prepare for death; that he would then be taken to the grave and buried alive! He spoke aloud to all present, and told them to leave the victim alone to his solitary thoughts. The party retired, to await further developments. In a few minutes, Hans' powerful legs began to play against the side of the box, like Roman battering rams, and the splinters began to fly in all directions. One tremendous blow burst off half the lid, and all was silent for a moment. The next development was Hans' ghastly face, as he raised his head to see if any one was present. Satisfied that his way was clear, he quietly extricated himself from his "bad box," and with the wildest imaginable strides, took the most retired direction for the road to the adjoining town.

Poor Hans' hat, which he forgot in his flight, is still preserved as a relict of a day of mirth among the citizens of Pineville.

THE DIVINE AND THE DOCTOR.—A devout minister was once asked by a skeptic if he preached to save souls; and on replying that he did, the cavalier rejoined:

"Did you ever see a soul?"
"No," was the reply.
"Did you ever hear a soul?"
"No."
"Did you ever taste a soul?"
"No."
"Did you ever smell a soul?"
"No."
"Did you ever feel a soul?"
"Yes, thank God," said the preacher.
"Well," said the caviling doctor, "there are four out of five senses against one, that there is no soul."

So the matter might have dropped, but the preacher, as subtle in understanding as he was pious in heart, turned the tables on the cavalier, and being informed that he was a doctor of medicine, asked:

"Did you ever see a pain?"
"No," he replied.
"Did you ever hear a pain?"
"No."
"Did you ever feel a pain?"
"Yes," said the doctor.
"Well, then," rejoined the preacher, "there are you say, also four senses against one to prove that there is no such thing as pain."

A couple of juveniles, one only 86, the other 88 years of age, were married on Friday, the 4th instant, on board the steamboat Troy, from New York. The blooming bride is Mrs. Macy, mother of the gallant Captain of that splendid boat, and the happy bridegroom is Nathaniel Harbrick, Esq. Both are Quakers.

Southern Rights.

It will be seen from the following paragraph, cut from the Boston Post, that Southern Rights are beginning to be felt, and that Massachusetts manufacturers are likely to be left alone in their glory. The business men of Massachusetts, it now appears, are opposed to abolition, and the hobby of the fanatics, when the Southern people exercise the poor right of making their purchases elsewhere. The Post thinks the Southern people should continue their patronage to Boston merchants for the purpose of sustaining them in the quarrel with their abolition neighbors. This is unquestionably good doctrine for that meridian—excellent! The quarrel has hitherto been between the Northern and Southern States. It has now become local. And what made it so?

First—The re-assertion of the principles and authority of the Constitution of the United States, through the medium of the fugitive slave law. And second—The assertion of the right of the Southern people to withdraw their patronage and dependence from those same merchants and abolitionists.—The South can have no concern whatever in this quarrel. When Southern statesmen foretell what must come to pass, did those merchants step forward to heel the breach and reconcile our troubles? By no means! They were either mum altogether, or contributing large portions of the profits of the Southern trade to foment the mischief. The warnings of the Southern statesmen were viewed as the wise cries of the un-fanciful shepherd boy, of "wolf," when one had appeared. They can now judge of the spirit of the Southern people; they have much yet to feel. The people of this country will never again be gulled into their former dependence on Northern importers and manufacturers. The Post should observe that it matters not to the Southern States, if the merchants and abolitionists make a Kilkenny cat-fight of it; and if we continue our patronage to the biller-grants, it will be all the same whether they continue the fight or make terms. It is very clear that the abolitionists wish to rob us of our slaves, and the merchants and manufacturers of the profits of their labor. We think, from the general spirit of our people, that the well-disposed merchants and manufacturers of the North, who look to the South as the field for operations, would do better to come and plant themselves among us. We should not fear the fidelity of right-minded Northern men, who would come out from among the abolitionists and begin their respective branches of business with us. They could not fail of success. Nothing would more effectually quiet both North and South, than the production of a just equality of dependence independence on and over each other. This would level down all cause of sectional jealousy. But we imagine that no considerations can ever again induce the Southern States to throw away the rich bounties with which they are blessed, to foster those who are so hostile to their institutions and rights. We are not yet released, it is true, but the work goes bravely on.—*Enquirer.*

The following is the article from the Boston Post:—
"Two Thousand packages of York Company's Goods are to be sold at auction in New York on Friday, by Haggerty, Draper & Jones. There was a large sale of cotton goods there on Tuesday. This Boston and New England capital is added to the business of New York, while the New York press and merchants are doing all they can to deter Southern traders from coming to Boston, by harping upon and exaggerating the abolition sentiment here. Our manufacturers not only return good for evil, but they overcome their great sympathy for our own laborers and traders who would be benefited by the sale of these goods here.

The useless agitation of the slavery question by a fraction of people here, is doing the business portion of the Commonwealth great injury; but the free-soilers, abolitionists, &c., care nothing about consequences if they can only keep on their hobby. Our merchants, nearly all of whom are in favor of sustaining the compromise, measures of the last Congress, are made the victims of conduct they condemn as heartily as any class of men in the Union; therefore, those citizens of other States who agree with them in sustaining the Union and discountenancing sectional animosities, instead of withdrawing from them, and discontinuing their business relations in Boston, should stand by them the closer and this mutually strengthen each other in the patriotic effort to extinguish that demagogism and reckless fanaticism which hesitate at naught to accomplish their purposes."

TOO MUCH FOR THE GENERAL.—The Mobile Tribune tells the following story of Jimmy Mather, who has so long been the gardener of the Presidential mansion at Washington:

General Jackson had heard rumors that Jimmy was accustomed to get drunk and be unwell to the visitors of the White House; so one bright morning he summoned him into his presence to receive his dismissal.

"Jimmy," said the General "I hear bad stories about you. It is said that you are constantly drunk, and unwell to the visitors."

Jimmy was puzzled for a reply; at last he said:

"General, I hear much worse stories about you, but do you think I believe them? No, by the powers; I know they are lies."

THE CONSTRUCTION OF HUNTER'S TARIFF BILL.—The New York Journal of Commerce complains of one construction which the Treasury has given to Mr. Hunter's Tariff bill which went into operation April 1st, viz: "The provision which obliges the purchaser of foreign goods abroad, to enter them at an advance on their cost, if they increase in value up to the moment of exportation, but allows no deduction from cost if they decline in value." We quote:

"A simple illustration will show the practical inequality of this system. John Smith, who is an American merchant, buys, on 1st of July, 100 shawls of John Bull, the English manufacturer, at the rate of \$20 each. They are not shipped, we will say, until the middle of August, when their value has declined to \$15; but the importer, by our law, must enter them at the original cost, and pay duty on the 20! John Bull, who sold them, spying an advance, immediately shipped 100 of the same article, and enters them by the side of his customer's goods at their market value at the time of shipment; that is at \$15."

The act of 1842 compels this—we suppose the Treasury argues—which provides that the invoice price shall be taken as the actual cost; and if so, the Treasury could give no other construction. It is argued on the other hand, that Mr. Hunter's bill repeats all acts inconsistent with it, and therefore this item of the act of '42. The Journal says:

"We have but one way to remedy the injustice, and place all on an equal footing; which is, to make the value of the goods at the date of the shipment, their true value, without reference to their previous cost."

NUMBER OF FUGITIVE SLAVES.—The number of Fugitive Slaves now supposed to be in the free States was put down yesterday, by mistake and inattention, at five hundred thousand, instead of fifteen thousand. Other estimates however, place the number at thirty thousand. Say it is twenty thousand, valued at five hundred dollars a head—not a very extravagant estimate, as most of them are probably grown— and we have ten millions as the worth of property which the North refuses to deliver to the South, its rightful owners.

Of slaves to the value of ten millions, which the fugitive slave law was designed to reclaim, not ten thousand dollars worth has really been secured by it. And yet this is the measure, in consideration of which, the South relinquished all claim to the new territories and consented that the slave trade should be abolished in the District of Columbia.

[Savannah Georgian.]

QUARREL IN THE SELF-STYLED UNION PARTY.—The union is not quite all union, it would seem. The Natchez Courier proposed Senator Foote for Governor, as opposition candidate to Governor Quitman. The Brandon Republican forthwith *toddies* and plays second fiddle to the Courier; but the central flag of the Union comes down in wrath upon all the small fry of the press, and declares that such must not be the case. Is Freeman at the bottom of this? Or has the ominous whisper of the Natchez federal, blue-light lawyer, made in Claiborne county the other day, reached Jackson? "Hush, my dear friend," said he to one who asked him who would be the most available submission democrat to run on the whig submission ticket next fall—"Hush! my dear friend! do not speak above your breath; we do not intend between you and me to run any of these democrats we are now putting on the bark. The democrats are divided among themselves; and now, for the first time in a dog's age, Whigs can be elected."

The cunning smile that followed these wise suggestions was rich and peculiar.—We must say, however, that while we cordially applaud the vituperations which both the Natchez Courier and the Jackson Flag of the Union shower down upon each other, we incline to the Courier's candidate for Governor. We want to see the State, whose Legislature condemned Foote, repudiate him for all and every thing; slay him at all points; and do by him as Missouri has done by Benton—beat him personally, and bent him in the persons of his friends! —*Natchez Free Trader.*

COUNTERFEIT GOLD DUST.—A number of the Sacramento Times, received by last arrival, says:

"We were shown a few days since a beautiful sample of spurious gold dust which has been manufactured with care and no doubt intended to be palmed upon the public as a genuine article. It is in small particles, in all imaginary forms, but it presents rather too bright an appearance to deceive those who have handled much gold dust. And the particles are generally oblong, too much so to deceive good judges. There is, however, great danger from a mixture of this spurious article with genuine dust."

BANKS.—In the last ten years the number of banks and branches in the United States has increased from 784 to 870—the loans and discounts from \$385,497,602 to \$111,961,948—the circulation from \$107,290,214 to \$154,688,636—the deposits from \$84,550,784 to \$127,509,984.

In 1843 the circulation had fallen to \$58,663,668, so that it is now nearly three times as great as it was eight years ago.

A RIVAL OF PROFESSOR WEBSTER.—The Court of Assizes of the Haute Orlonne, four days ago, tried a man named Meda, for the murder of M. Guitton, a notary, of Saint-Sulpice-de-Lezat. On the 29th of December last, the accused went several times to M. Guitton's office, and pressed him to accompany him to draw up some deeds. M. Guitton at last went, but he did not return home. The next day, his family being greatly alarmed, caused inquiry to be made, but they led to no result. Suspicion fell on the accused, and his house was examined. Traces of blood were found on different articles of dress, on an axe, on the walls, &c., and on the walls also were some bits of hair, mixed with blood, which were ascertained to be those of the deceased. When these things were discovered, the accused displayed great emotion. Bits of peculiar description of soil were found on a wheelbarrow, and a person announced, that on the previous night, he had heard the noise of the barrow going in the direction of a field of that sort of soil.

The field was accordingly examined, and in a pit the body of the deceased was discovered. Meda calmly exclaimed, on seeing the body produced, "It was not I who did the deed!" He was taken to prison, and after a while sent for his wife, and admitted to her that he was the murderer.—The poor woman shrieked and fainted. To the examining magistrate he also admitted that he had put the deceased to death, and thrown the body into the pit, but he labored to show that it was in a moment of passion and without premeditation. A multitude of minute circumstances proved that the murder had been deliberately planned, and that he had long entertained bitter animosity against the deceased, to whom he was a debtor, and who had latterly pressed him for payment of his money. Declared guilty by the jury, the Court condemned the man to death. He heard the sentence without any emotion. In the prison, however, he displayed profound discouragement, and took no food; and when his wife or children were referred to he wept bitterly.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

LOOMIS'S PANORAMA OF CUBA.—Mr. Loomis, the intelligent artist who has been exhibiting for several days past his very interesting panorama of the Island of Cuba, will leave our city to-day on a visit to Natchez, Vicksburg, Jackson, and other towns in Mississippi and on the coast. We heartily commend Mr. Loomis's exhibition to the patronage of our friends in Mississippi. They will find it the most interesting exhibition of the kind ever presented in this country. The deep interest felt in the beautiful island whose bewitching scenery has been so faithfully represented by Mr. Loomis, will, independent of other merits it possesses, secure Mr. L., a liberal support among the patriotic and appreciating citizens of Mississippi.

MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF AN OYSTER SHELL.—If examined by the microscope, the exterior of an oyster shell will be found a large continent, as it may be called, millions of minute insects wandering in the largest liberty over its surface. Each of these insects is the owner of a house or cavern, which it forms by burrowing in the solid shell. Besides these minute members of the animal kingdom, the vegetable tribes are represented by a luxuriant growth of plants, springing up over the entire shell. These are of every variety of form and color, and consists of trees, shrubs, and flowers of the most beautiful description. In order to examine them properly, the shell should be placed in a glass of clear salt water.

THE WORLD'S FAIR IN THE U. STATES.—A meeting of delegates of the various railroad and steamboat companies, was held at the Astor House, New York, a few days since, with reference to the increased facilities that will be required by the public on the occasion of the proposed World's Fair, to be held on Governor's Island, in 1852. Resolutions were adopted to hold an adjourned meeting at the Astor House, at 12 o'clock on the 30th instant, to consider the means of accommodating the increased amount of travel which may be expected, and earnestly requesting the attendance of the directors of all the railroad and steamboat routes, and the proprietors of steamboats and stages, at such meeting.

THE MOON DAGUERREOTYPED.—The Boston Journal says that Mr. J. L. Whipple, the distinguished daguerrotypist, has succeeded, with the aid of Mr. Bond, the Cambridge astronomer, in taking views of the surface of the moon, as it appears through the great telescope at the Observatory. The Journal has seen two daguerrotypes representing the moon as it appeared on Monday and Thursday nights of last week. The mountains and valleys of the moon are distinctly defined on the plate, and it is believed that by the aid of these representations, taken at different phases of the moon, their height and depth may be determined. The importance of these experiments will be duly appreciated by the astronomer.

AMONG THE LAST NOMINATIONS by the President of France, to the Legion of Honor, is that of M. Bisetie, a mulatto, member of the Assembly from the West Indies, whom I remember seeing as leader of a popular club in the early days of 1843.

THE CHINESE.—The Chinese are the most singular people in the world. They were acquainted with the compass, the use of gun powder, the art of printing, and other things, in which the Europeans value themselves as the inventors; and what proves they did not borrow, is that they do everything different from all others. Their system of religion is also unique, and so far as it can be understood, consists, in a great measure, of moral precepts of Confucius, Mencius and Chee Hui. The emperor has his own exclusive Deity, and any others who attempt to divide his patronage with his majesty, are any others who attempt to divide his patronage with his majesty, are either banished or strangled—it being presumed that the care of one king is enough for one God.—In almost, if not all other countries, it is considered the first of all duties to take care of the helpless children; but in China that of maintaining parents in old age, is considered much more sacred. They destroy many of their children, but cherish their parents, and pay a sort of worship to their memory at little altars erected in their houses. The trade carried on between the Chinese and Russians, at the frontier town of Kinkite, presents a singular spectacle.—The only circulating medium, or standard of value, is "brick tea," as it is called, which is made up in the form of bricks, the value of which is always settled before the trade commences, and remains unchanged during the season. This simple expedient answers their purposes, and saves all the trouble of bickering legislators to vote acts of incorporation.

THE LOCUSTS.—Mr. Gideon B. Smith sends the following communication to the Baltimore Patriot, in reference to the locusts:

The chambers of these interesting insects may now be opened by shaving off an inch or two of the surface soil with the spade, in any place about Baltimore where trees or shrubbery grew in 1834. The chambers were generally completed on Saturday last—the unusual mildness and forwardness of the season having hastened the operation about one week. Should the season continue favorable, the exit of the insect from the ground will probably also be expedited, and will take place from the 10th to the 15th of May, instead of the 20th. In correction of a statement by a writer in Pennsylvania, that if the tree on which the eggs were deposited in 1834 were subsequently cut down the insect would perish, I can state that in 1835 I cut down the old trees in my garden, and paved the ground with brick. The next morning I took up the pavement, and found the locusts as abundant there as anywhere else—their chambers all completed up to the bottom of the bricks, and the insects excavating horizontally to find an outlet. I also found their chambers and the insects under the surface of the ground floor of a large conservatory, built some ten or twelve years ago, precisely in the same condition as in the open ground. To show that the operation of making the chambers took place last week, and was finished on Saturday, I made careful examination on Tuesday last. The insects were then in their usual places, about eighteen inches under ground. On Thursday I found them working towards the surface. On Saturday afternoon I found them with their chambers complete, the top being within half an inch to an inch of the surface.

COUNTRY SCHOOL.—"First class in philosophy—step out—close your books. John Jones, how many kingdoms in nature?"
"Four: the animal, vegetable, and kingdom come."

"Good—go up head."

"Hobbs, what is meant by the animal kingdom?"

"Lions, tigers, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, alligators, monkeys, jackasses, huck drivers and schoolmasters."

"Very well—but you'll take a hicken for your last remark."

"Giles, what is the mineral kingdom?"

"The hull of California."

"Walk straight up head."

"Johnson, what is the vegetable kingdom?"

"Garden sars, potatoes, carrots, ing-yons, and all kinds of greens that's for cooking."

"And what are pines, and hemlocks, and elms, ain't they vegetables?"

"No sir-ree—you can't cook 'em—them's sawlogs and fram'n timber."

"Boys, give me a piece of apple, and you can have an hour's intermission—except Hobbs."

CALIFORNIA GOLD RECEIPTS.—The New York Journal of Commerce publishes a table, proving an important fact—that the actual receipts of gold dust from California for the last three months, amounted to nearly double the value entered on the manifest of the vessels arriving. This fact is established by comparing the amount of California gold entered at the customhouse, with that deposited at the Mint for coinage, as follows:

	Entered at Customhouse.	Red'd at Mint.
January,	\$2,478,239	\$4,910,000
February,	781,428	2,860,000
March,	1,970,813	2,631,000
	\$5,230,480	\$10,401,000
Excess,		\$5,200,480

Add to this the gold shipped without coinage, and that taken for manufacturing purposes, and the amount of the excess will probably be as large as the whole sum entered at the customhouse.

PLEADING AT THE BAR.—A torper trying to persuade a bar-keeper to trust him for a three cent "nip."